

# The Undiscovered Realm

by Liam Holman

Category: Lion King, Lord of the Rings

Genre: Adventure, Fantasy

Language: English

Characters: Aragorn, Frodo B., Gandalf, Simba

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-08 13:23:05

Updated: 2016-04-09 14:23:11

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:51:59

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,293

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: At a banquet declared to celebrate the anniversary of defeating Sauron, the Fellowship discovers a secret and unseen door in Minas Tirith and find that it leads to the Pride Lands. How will the Fellowship change the course of fate and how has Sauron entered this world? Read to find out.

## 1. Rohan and Minas Tirith

**\*\*A/N: Welcome to this Lion King/Lord of the Rings crossover.\*\***

One year had passed since the defeat of Sauron, and King Elessar had invited members of the Fellowship of the Ring and his friends, fellow kings, dignitaries of dwarvish, elvish and kingdoms of men alike. Frodo, Sam, Merry, Pippin and Gandalf had met at Bree, and traveled eastward, where Elrond, Lord of Rivendell, was preparing for a familiar journey to Gondor.

When Elrond had joined the company, Elrond expressed his excitement for seeing his daughter, Arwen, for the first time since Elessar's coronation. "How are thee hobbits faring in the Fourth Age?" he asked, curiously. Before Frodo had been first rescued and brought to Rivendell, Elrond had encountered few hobbits in his five thousand years of his never-ending life.

"Everything is back to as it was," Frodo said, "Well, nearly everything," the hobbit added. Frodo was stabbed with a Morgul-blade on Weathertop two years before, by the Lord of the Nazgul, the Witch-king of Angmar. This brought Frodo close to becoming a ring-wraith. If the poison from the blade had reached his heart, he would be a hobbit ring wraith, and the world would be very different, much darker.

"I still admire the resilience and bravery of hobbits, they are vastly underestimated creatures," Gandalf said fondly, remembering his adventures with Bilbo, when he helped the dwarf prince, Thorin

Oakenshield reclaim the Lonely Mountain, more commonly known as Erebor, from Smaug the Great, a fire-drake dragon who had slept for sixty years, and was shot by Bard the Bowman, who later became Bard, King of Dale, a city of men just south of Erebor. This was after The Battle of Five Armies, an elven army led by Thranduil of Mirkwood, a dwarf army led by DaÃn Ironfoot of the Iron Hills, an army of men (and later women) led by Bard and Gandalf, who were fighting two armies of orcs, trolls and other creatures of darkness.

Days later, the company had passed the Misty Mountains, not far from the mines of Moria, where Gandalf fell from the Bridge of Khazad-dum and defeated a balrog of Morgoth on Mount Zirakzigil. This was also the former home of SmÃagol, also known as Gollum, for he made a strange coughing noise in the middle of hissed sentences. Goblin-town was near as well, and the possession of swords was advised, for even though most of the darkness had passed, some remained.

One night, when the company sat around a fire, telling stories of recent and ancient times, Frodo's sword, Sting, glowed blue. This indicated the untimely and unpleasurable presence of either orcs or goblins. The cackle of goblins was heard in the distance, and audio replaced visual senses, as the company defended themselves. Gandalf drew his elven sword, like Sting, found in a troll's lair while on the Quest of Erebor, Glamdring was much longer than Sting, as Frodo's sword was more of a knife compared to the stature of elves.

Elrond drew his sword, Hadhafang, and all waited, holding their swords. They remained silent as the goblins passed the fire, and stopped. Whispers of fire came from the ugly mouths of the ugly goblins. When the group of fifteen goblins approached, Merry and Pippin, with their swords, formerly belonging to ThÃoden and Faramir respectively, hacked limbs and pierced organs of the goblins, and Gandalf joined in the ruckus, decapitating some of them, before Frodo finally joined in, along with Elrond and Sam, and minutes later, a pile of goblins, dead and riddled with wounds, lay in front of the company, who decided to advance to the Gap of Rohan.

A red sun rose, which meant blood had been spilled. At noon, the company reached Isengard, formerly a forest, then an industrial factory of weapons and uruks, and then retaken by nature. It was now a lake with several trees dotted around the once black tower of Orthanc, the former home of Saruman the White. This was now covered in ivy.

Alas, the company reached Helm's Deep, being reconstructed after the battle between the few Rohirrim and the many uruks of Saruman. The Kingdom of Rohan, ruled by Ãomer, was a prosperous and beautiful country. The company finally reached Edoras, the capital of Rohan, and received a merry welcome.

Ãowyn, sister of Ãomer, greeted the company. "Greetings, friends of Rohan. It is a pleasure to see you, Merry and Pippin, and Gandalf," she said. "And these two must be Frodo and Sam," >she said, now looking at the two hobbits walking side-by-side. "I have heard much but seen little."<p>

"And whom is this elf?" she asked. "Elrond is my name," the tall elf responded. Ãowyn bowed and said "It is an honour to meet the Lord of Rivendell." Ãowyn then turned to the others and said "We must get you some food, I trust that you have traveled far and long." The

Fellowship nodded and entered the small mountain city of Edoras.

A feast was declared in honour of the original Fellowship.

"Much is owed to the little folk of the Shire, for our survival is due to the bravery of hobbits," Éomer said on his throne in the Golden Hall of Edoras. "Many have given their lives to defend not just this country, but Middle-earth too. Hail the Glorious Dead!" he spoke the words of his late uncle, and previous ruler of Rohan, Thëoden.

After a feast filled to the brim with song, humorous banter and catching up with old friends. Gimli, the only dwarf of the Fellowship, who had returned from a visit to Erebor, met with Legolas Greenleaf, son of Thranduil, King of the Woodland Realm of Elves in the newly replenished Greenwood. Gimli demanded a rematch of a drinking game he had lost after the Battle of Helm's Deep. Legolas, being familiar with stronger alcohols than beer, won again.

The next day, the hobbits Frodo, Sam, Merry and Pippin, with Elrond, Gandalf, Gimli the dwarf, Éomer and Legolas rode to Minas Tirith on horses that belonged to men who had died in previous battles. "I can't wait to see Strider again," Sam said with excitement. "You do realise he's called Aragorn, don't you?" Frodo laughed. "That, my dear Frodo, is where you have to catch up with the times. He is now known as King Elessar," Gandalf explained. "And if I'm not mistaken, he also goes by Thorongil," Gandalf added. "How many names does one need?" Merry asked.

"I also called him Estel," Elrond said. "I wonder which is his favourite?" Frodo pondered. "I think 'Aragorn' will do just fine," Gandalf said.

Soon after, the company reached the great gates of Minas Tirith. Frodo and Sam had never seen such a towering structure, built into the mountain behind it, the most recognizable feature of the new capital of Gondor, after Osgiliath was ruined, was a great slab of rock that divided the White City into two.

"Greetings, Mithrandir," a Gondorian guard said. "Honourable company you have brought with you, Lord Elrond, Éomer King, and the Famous Four hobbits of The Shire," he listed, and motioned to the visitors to enter The City of Kings.

\*\*A/N: This chapter just shows my knowledge of Lord of the Rings and Tolkien's other works. NEXT!\*\*

## 2. The Unknown Door

\*\*A/N: I can't get around the fact that Elendil was 7' 10"! Anyway, here we see how the Fellowship enters the Pride Lands.\*\*

The Fellowship wandered through the white marble levels of Minas Tirith in awe. Minas Tirith was rebuilt after the War of the Ring. A gate made of mithril, a light but strong metal mined by the dwarves, was put up so that no barricade could break it down. The buildings and roads were paved in marble, and as the Fellowship climbed further up the seven levels of The White City, the view was even more broad and spectacular. The other end of The White Mountains could be seen

at the level of the Citadel.

Gandalf hit his staff against the wooden doors of the Citadel and after the groaning of the doors finished, they were met with a personal bodyguard of Aragorn.

"My name is Tirin, I am King Elessar's closest guard and advisor. He has been expecting you and your company, Mithrandir," he said. He wore silver armour with a winged helmet.

He turned and went back in to the marble hall and Gandalf saw a great throne of marble. A throne of this magnitude was crafted for the likes of the incredibly tall former N  men  reans such as Elendil (the Tall) and Isildur, the former of which was 7' 10" tall!

Pippin looked at the bottom of the throne, and there was no smaller chair at the first step like there had been the last and first time he was at Minas Tirith. This was when he pledged his allegiance and service to Gondor, though Aragorn kindly did not request the hobbit's service.

The Fellowship silently walked in and behind them the door was shut and locked. Even the feet of Gandalf, Elrond or   omer made little sound or echo, but a louder rhythm of steps came from a corridor. They belonged to a man coated with armour and behind him was a flowing cape. The man was Aragorn.

A smile grew as he saw his friends. He opened his arms in greeting them and hugged all of them, kneeling down when hugging the hobbits. Soon after entered Arwen his wife and Queen, whose stomach was enlarged, indicating that she was pregnant with the couple's first child.

"My favourite hobbits," Aragorn exclaimed. "We're the only hobbits you know," Frodo laughed.

"Shall we have an exclusive tour?" Aragorn asked. The visitors nodded and followed Aragorn.

They walked through corridors lined with marble and along them were the tombs of noble people of Gondor. Some princes were buried here, and then Pippin saw where the Pyre of Denethor was, where he attempted to burn himself and his only remaining son, Faramir, alive.

The newly crowned Prince of Ithilien survived, but Denethor ended up burnt alive, and somehow ran through the corridors while he was on fire and fell down the great slab of rock down into the then carnage that was The Battle of the Pelennor Fields.

Pippin looked at each of the tombs and then saw a tomb more magnificent than ten others, and above the stone body read 'Denethor, son of Ecthelion'.

"Come, Peregrin," called Gandalf as the others were at the other end of the corridor of tombs and Pippin walked briskly towards the others.

While Aragorn was explaining the history of the place, and what happened in what room, Frodo caught sight of a magnificent door, more

magnificent than all of the doors in Minas Tirith apart from the mithril-made gate.

"What's in there?" the oldest hobbit of the four asked. Aragorn did not know the answer. "As a matter of fact, I have never seen that there," he said.

"Maybe it's a magic door that only appears every so often," Sam suggested. "Perhaps, but why would a door lead to further into the mountain?" Pippin asked.

"Well, perhaps we should find out, shall we, Gandalf?" suggested Aragorn. "Now let's see," the wizard muttered and felt the doors of stone. He then exerted force against it, but it did not move.

"Perhaps I should try," Aragorn suggested, being younger and stronger than Gandalf. A push of the hand was all that was needed to open the door, and when Aragorn looked up, he could see an azure sky, and ahead of him was sand between two tall walls of rock. At the end of the corridor of sand and stone, towards which the Fellowship wandered, was a great canyon.

"What is this place?" Elrond asked. "I have not seen such a feature in all of Middle-earth," Á%omer commented. "You're not the only one," Aragorn added.

On either direction was a seemingly endless curving canyon. On the left side, a cloud of dust rose from the sandy floor and headed straight for the uninvited but not necessarily unwelcome visitors.

"Draw swords," Aragorn advised, and everyone drew their own sword. The dust was found to have been caused by the thundering hooves of many a beast, with black pelts, sharp horns and red eyes. These were no balrog, but they reminded Frodo of the mounts of the Ring-wraiths, rabid black horses.

The stampede grew no slower, so Gandalf extended an arm and muttered a spell of Elvish power, and the four-legged creatures stopped just in front of him.

"Over there," Legolas pointed at a ledge on the cliff. Two creatures, a red, black-maned, narrow-built thing and a golden, red-maned and powerful animal were seen by the vigilant elf.

The red one was safe on the ledge, but the yellow one was holding on for dear life. An unknown force made Legolas reach for one of his feathered arrows and, with his bow, shot the red one in the chest. The yellow one froze in shock, but eventually climbed to safety.

"Simba!" he called. "I'm up here, Dad," a small voice responded, and the larger beast climbed higher up the cliff and hugged his son, Simba.

"Who are they?" the little creature asked, pointing to the varied people in the canyon, walking through a large herd of previously panicked wildebeest.

**\*\*A/N:** So they walked into the infamous stampede. To explain Legolas killing Scar, it has something to do with Sauron and Eru Illuvatar. 'I will say no more'.\*\*

End  
file.